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Elsewhere in this issue is a notice of the DAILY PEOPLE parade, which takes place this Saturday evening. Every comrade and sympathizer in Greater New York and vicinity, should consider it his duty to turn out on this memorable occasion.

As the DAILY PEOPLE press is set in motion to the accompaniment of the cheering ranks, it means, that higher and with increasing force and volume, mounts that intelligent tidal wave which will sweep capitalism out of existence. Do not take the inspiring scene.

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In 1888 (Presidential).....2,068
In 1890.....13,531
In 1892 (Presidential).....21,157
In 1894.....30,183
In 1896 (Presidential).....36,564
In 1898.....82,204
In 1899.....85,231

For President,
JOSEPH FRANCIS MALLONEY,
of Massachusetts.
For Vice-President,
VALENTINE REMMEL,
of Pennsylvania.

Four hundred and more hands in this mill; two hundred and fifty horse steam power. It is known, to the force of single pound weight, what the engine will do; but, not all the calculations of the national debt can tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment in the soul of one of these its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions.

DICKENS.

VIRGINIA'S VOICE.

The below resolution was adopted unanimously by the Virginia State Committee at its regular meeting June 10, 1900.

RESOLVED, That the Virginia State Committee hereby expresses its hearty approval of the work performed by the late National Convention of the Party. Especially do we endorse the attitude of the Convention towards pure and simple trades unions, prohibiting any member of the Party from holding any office in such organizations, and refusing to accept into membership in the Party any one, who at the time of his application is an officer in a pure and simple trades union. We hope the time is near at hand when as the growth of the S. L. P. A., which is the only bona fide labor organization in the United States, the S. L. P. may take still higher ground by demanding that its members shall sever all connections with the antiquated, corrupt and fakir-ridden organizations, commonly known as trades unions, which, instead of pointing the workers to the means of emancipation from wage-slavery, betray them into the hands of capitalism.

H. ADOLPH MULLER, State Secretary.

ONE MORE AMBULANCE, ETC.

The recently organized American Order of Steam Engineers, held an open meeting in Rajah Temple of Reading, Pa., the latter part of May to explain the objects and advantages of the order. Charles Keast, the spokesman, said the main features are contained in the following:

"DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES."

Believing that ability will bring its full value in this country, this order shall at no time take part in strikes, nor in any way interfere between employer and employee. Recognizing that ability of interests, it shall take no part in any project or enterprise that shall interfere with perfect harmony between them; neither shall it be used for political or religious purposes.

These principles shall not be amended or repealed except by unanimous vote of the order.

Any member who shall be guilty of violating the principles of the order shall be expelled.

The ignorance and capidity of the labor fakir could not be better portrayed than in this declaration of "principles." Not only ignorant but blind to self-evident facts, must be he, who, in the face of the economic revolution that this country has undergone, has the unblushing impudence to say that he believes "that ability will bring its full value in this country."

The engineer's craft, itself, furnishes an eloquent example of the economic development of the age, which tends to eliminate ability as a factor in wages. Formerly, a steam engineer required, not only the skill to run an engine, but a

mechanical knowledge of the machine as well. To-day electric power made and furnished by gigantic concerns, needs but the turning of a lever to apply it, and as it is rapidly coming into general use, the skill of the engineer is relegated to the backwoods.

To declare, in the face of the bloody conflicts that LABOR has fought during the last 30 years, that the capitalist and the workmen have identical interests is both unfathomable stupidity, and unblushing impudence.

Identity of interests between the working class, with all its misery, and the handful of riotous capitalists, reveling in wealth, stolen from the working class! Once more is raised the old slogan, "No politics in the Union"—that cry with which the labor fakir has ever led the workers into the shambles of the capitalist parties.

But, if their "principles" are correct why is there need for the organization? Add one more to the ambulance corps on the economic battlefield—and some more labor aspirants to political jobs.

A WATERLOO.

Last week a hurried report was published of the suit that had just been won from the Volkszeitung Corporation. A few details are not out of place, all the more seeing that for the last eleven months, the corporation has figured as a cat's paw of Reaction and Corruption whereby the Socialist Labor Party was to be smashed.

As stated last week, in the course of time, about \$1,200 of the Daily People Fund happened to get into a bank under the external appearance of property belonging to the Corporation. When the clash of last July 10 came, the Corporation put an embargo on the funds against the Daily People Committee. To recover this sum, thus attempted to be stolen by the Corporation, suit was brought against it by the Daily People Committee.

The six days' trial brought out a remarkable spectacle. The Party's case was proven mainly by the books of the Corporation itself. It was summoned to produce these books. It dodged; brought in irrelevant books; pretended not to "know," but was finally landed. Its books furnished facts that dove-tailed exactly with those of the Daily People Committee, and proved beyond doubt that the moneys were not the Corporations, but were property of the Socialist Labor Party through its publishing agency, the Daily People Committee.

If a cage-full of baboons, imported straight from Timbuctoo, had been placed on the witness stand they would not have presented a sorrier or more laughable spectacle than did the pack of witnesses for the Corporation: The utter silliness of the "points" they tried to score; their incapacity, moral, intellectual, and physical flabbiness excited mirth and pity at once. With them on one side, the Party's witnesses on the other, it was a pictorial representation of the lines on which the "split" occurred.

The very nature of the suit brought out, somehow, all the several points upon which turn all the other suits yet pending. Judgment was given for the Party's side without the judge leaving the bench. When on the sixth day both sides closed, the judgment followed as a flash. Hence this suit is a veritable Waterloo for the Corporation. It virtually settles all the others. Nothing remains, as to them, but to go through the form of giving testimony and securing judgment for the Party. Only two weeks before, the corporation had to pay the Party \$235 costs through an appeal won against the Volkszeitung crew. Besides the big amount involved in this last action, the costs will be big. No wonder the "Volkszeitung" is absolutely silent on the subject, and tries to keep its dupes in ignorance of the catastrophe. That much has trickled through its thick Timbuctoo wool, to wit, that it is beaten hollow, horse, foot and dragon, and knocked out of sight. These are not the days of ten years ago!

This spectacle, presented by a would-be S. L. P. killer, and accordingly, by a limb of the capitalist Beast of Property, is but symbolic and prophetic of what is in store for capitalism itself at the hand of the fighting S. L. P.

Chaplain Levy prayed at the Republican Convention. He also prayed when the Party was launched in 1890. It is safe to assume that he has been praying during the intervening fifty-four years, but his prayers have evidently not been answered, as he is yet as blind as he was then. However, it is consoling to know that, should he continue to pray for a few more years he may have the pleasure of pronouncing the obituary of the Republican Party.

THE LAW.

A Weapon that the Working Class must Grasp and Wield.

One man looks at a mountain from its base, another views it from the top, both have seen the same mountain, yet each received different impressions of it, because they looked at it from different standpoints. So with occurrences in society. One sees them from his point of view, the standpoint of material interest, while another, because of a divergent material interest, takes an entirely opposite view.

"The law" is a queer thing, if you believe most people. Under that general title is grouped all the functions of the State, executive, legislative and judicial.

Law as it Really Is.

The average workman has a well rooted idea that "the law" is "agin," him, though not distinctly understanding why, or what "the law" is.

The capitalists see in "the law" a weapon for their use only. The workman has not reached that view point yet, that is, not very many of him.

As Daniel O'Connell said, "There is no law made that you can't drive a coach and four through," provided, you are on the box.

Law has to be interpreted, and it all depends on who is doing the interpreting as that determines who gets the dirty end of the stick. So with executive power, national, state and municipal, it all depends upon who is using the power. Knowing who is using it you can easily tell who is going to get shocked.

If there is a club lying around and two men begin fighting in the immediate vicinity of said club, and one of the two gets hold of it, then he commences to "exercise power," against the other fellow, but the club is perfectly neutral until it is wielded by one side or the other. The man who gets the welts from the club in the hands of the other individual, doesn't swear a big oath to himself on the club, he makes up his mind to get the club, and do some swatting himself; he does not waste time cursing the club, he damns the fellow who used it, and if he has much sense he will not waste time cursing either; he is too anxious to get to business and do some swatting on his own account.

The Attitude of the Class Conscious Worker.

The class conscious man knows all this, and therefore, is able to view all social upheavals from the correct standpoint. He knows that a strike, for instance, is but a skirmish in a battle never ending, that goes on continually between the capitalist class and the working class, the capitalist striving to get ever larger profits, the worker trying to prevent him from doing so, knowing this the class conscious workman sees that, to over come his enemy—the workman—the capitalist will use any weapon he can, caring naught what weapon it is as it is effective; and this is perfectly natural. Who is there that is going to get licked if he can prevent it? One of the best weapons to use is the law; it is a handy thing lying loose for any one strong enough to use it. The workman—a few exceptions—does not look on it as a weapon, but as something that a queer law and peculiar life which hurls itself against him and cracks his head. He is in the same position as the savage who understands perfectly well that a bow and arrow or spear is a weapon that he has made and handles but thinks the rifle of the civilized man a queer law and peculiar life which hurls itself against him and cracks his head. He is in the same position as the savage who understands perfectly well that a bow and arrow or spear is a weapon that he has made and handles but thinks the rifle of the civilized man a queer law and peculiar life which hurls itself against him and cracks his head. He is in the same position as the savage who understands perfectly well that a bow and arrow or spear is a weapon that he has made and handles but thinks the rifle of the civilized man a queer law and peculiar life which hurls itself against him and cracks his head.

Common Mistakes Knocked Out.

In Bridgeton, N. J., a man said to me: "You say the Socialist does not care who owns the street railways; it is 'Who owns the city, the capitalist class or the working class?' that is the question. Now what would a Socialist Labor Party mayor do in the case of a strike on the street railways, as in St. Louis; how would he help the strikers?" "By using the law," said I, "to whip the company owning the street railways." "How could he use the law, a thing that is opposed to the workers?" retorted he. Then I said the following: "In London, Canada, I was asked the same question. There had been a strike of street-car men in that city and it was lost, despite the fact that the mayor and city officials had agreed to be with the men. Why? Simply because the city officials had HELPED the Company."

"In answering the question I was supposed to be the Socialist Labor Party candidate elected as mayor. The men were getting \$1.25 a day, and the company refused to grant the demand, and the men struck at 4 p. m. one day. Being mayor I would at once notify all persons that the first one advocating violence I should put in the body of the jail. Knowing that by doing this I should get the agents of the company who are hired to raise disturbances at such times. First use of the law AGAINST the company. Then I would send for the superintendent of the railway and ask him what he meant by not running the cars on schedule time. He would begin to tell me his men had struck, etc. I would tell him that I had nothing to do with that. His company had been granted a franchise to operate a street railway for the benefit of the people of the city. The people had gotten used to the business according to the schedule of his cars, and as I was elected to maintain and look after the rights of the people, it was my business to see that their right to ride in the cars was maintained; such a little thing as a difference between the company and its employees would not be allowed to stand in the way of doing my duty. The cars must be run. I would give him until 5.30 p. m. to have the lines running on schedule; and if by that time the cars were not running, in ONE HOUR, by my oath to conserve the rights and property of the citizens, I would put the men on the cars and operate the road for the citizens; paying the men what wages they desired out of the proceeds."

There would be police on each car to see that no law breaker attempted to

prevent the operation of the road. Second use of the law AGAINST the violator of law, the company.

"Then," said my questioner, "the company would get an injunction from a judge, restraining you from operating the road."

"If any judge should be seconded enough to interfere with me in the execution of my plain duty," said I, "then I should put him in jail, the same as I would any other malefactor who should dare to interfere with me in the execution of the law."

Third use of the law AGAINST violators thereof.

The Real Violators.

My questioner seemed to be staggered at that, but came back at me, saying triumphantly, "But the provincial (state) government would then send troops and put you in jail for refusing to obey the mandate of the judge."

"Well, what of it?" I retorted, "I would run for member of the legislature, get elected out of jail and, once elected, never rest until I had secured the impeachment of the government. In other words the issue would be plain. Should the capitalists have the right to USE the law or would the working class keep the law for their own use. And, as the right to use the law comes from the ballot box, as the majority rules there, and the working class are the majority, necessarily the working class would win and use the weapon, the law, for themselves. What do you think of that for an answer?" I asked.

"That's all right," said the man in London, Canada and I guess its all right here, isn't it?" said I to the man in Bridgeton. He ruminated long and then said: "You Socialists know your business." "You bet we do," returned the undersigned.

Now, may the Socialist Labor Party will show the capitalist class so many ways of USING the law that they'll sick and die through envy.

Law! What is it? Simply something to be used says the S. L. P., and when we get that weapon there'll be a "hot time" on this earth for the capitalist class, so hot a time that they'll be only too willing to go to work and live like men. We'll law them into decency.

ARTHUR KEEP.

The Label as a Sin-Coverer.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 17.—If the slogan of the labor fakir through the land is correct, that the interests of capital and labor are identical, ergo, capital and labor are brothers, then the journeyman plumbers of our town are a lot of unbrotherly fellows. In the month of May they demanded from their brother-bosses an eight hours work day and \$3 a day. Of course, the brother-bosses rejected such unbrotherly demands, and the journeymen went on strike to enforce it.

The strike dragged on for a number of weeks without any visible results except that now and then in the capitalist dailies appeared the usual bluffs and boasts of power and alibi, and the strikers must and had to win, for if a plumber was not worth \$3 a day, he was not worth anything at all, etc., etc.

As usual, a few of the cockroach bosses gave in, but the principal firms stood solid in spite of all the bluffs and boasts of the men. Finally the men remembered that they had here an institution nicknamed "State Board of Arbitration." The men brought the matter before this "Board." The bosses, however, declared they had nothing to arbitrate. This declaration put the "Board" in a rather peculiar fix, but nevertheless it surmounted all difficulties by rendering the decision that "the strike was not far enough advanced for the 'Board' to interfere."

But suppose the bosses had called upon this "Board" for arbitration, surely it would have acted promptly to crush the workers, for capitalist lawmakers are fully aware what they are doing when they create such a similar "Board." It is all for capitalist interest and dust in the eyes of the workers.

The members have no reason to complain, for the very principle their union rests on is a mere heap of sand, unfit to stand pressure. Their boast of being union men is of no account so long as they every day in the year fight their bosses in the shops, and on election day turn political scabs, by electing to office the very power that is bound to crush them.

The strike, of course, has collapsed, and if the plumbers can learn by experience, it may be a blessing in disguise.

The fakirs in the Allied Printing Trades Council have of late been very busy in wirepulling. The result has been that its agent, M. W. Molmuth, has been delegated by said council to the Democratic State Convention to urge the adoption of union label on all campaign literature. We have not learned whether or not the Democrats have complied with the request, but we hope they have for it would be a relishing feast for this class of voting cattle to swallow all the lies, nonsense and treachery to the working class, and the union label on the campaign label. Therefore, all hail and glory to the union label, this shield and blessing to organized labor! And especially the printers union label, these handmaids of intellect as it were.

It is to be hoped that the printers will not stop short, but also urge the adoption of the label by the Republicans, for no matter how the truth turns out, their union has done its work. And when the ten class wage workers find out that they have again not only been cheated, but when police clubs, militia and injunctions are used against them, they can console themselves with the thought that no matter which of the capitalist parties triumphs, the printers union label has been upheld.

If the working class in this country was ever visited with plague and pest, verily, it is the labor fakir. Oust him.

ALLIANCE.

New 10,000 Edition of "The Class Struggle" Now Ready for Shipment.

Orders are now being filled for the new ten thousand edition of "The Class Struggle." The "Class Struggle" is one of the four Kautsky pamphlets translated and adapted from the German by Daniel De Leon. It has been revised by the translator, and is now published in the same form as "The Ballad of the Submerged Tenth." The text has been added, and the new edition is typical of the Party's aggressive action and clarifying tactics of the past year.

10 copies, 30 cents.
100 copies, \$2.50.

New York Labor News Company,
2 to 6 New Roads Street, New York

TEN YEARS LATER.

1889-1899.

[The below article appeared in THE PEOPLE of last July 23. It summed up by a retrospect of ten years the events that were brought to a final head by the fresher events of a few weeks before, when a set of alien reactionists tried to smash the Socialist Labor Party. The struggle of July, 1899, may be now considered over, absolutely and completely. The meeting of the National Convention of the Socialist Labor Party on the 2d instant marks the end of the conflict, and opens a new era for the Party that now, triumphant in the past, starts its career afresh, a giant refreshed. The episode can be closed in no fitter manner than by the reproduction of the article.]

Under the title "Ten Years Later," Dumas wrote one of his most interesting, instructive and thrilling historical novels. The historic tale to be unfolded here in this article under the identical title may be found equally interesting, instructive and thrilling, if not more so, and inspiring besides, to the student, especially the lover of the movement in America.

Ten years ago, the Socialist Labor Party was a "party" in name only. It is essential to a political party, first, that it be a pulsation of the national life of the country itself in which the party springs up; and, secondly, that it be politically active. That which ten years ago called itself the "Socialist Labor Party," lacked both essentials. The organization was not born of the throbbings of life in America; it was the result of political turmoil in Germany; in the quarry of American political development, it was not a formation of this soil; the organization was like gravel, that one often finds upon ground of different geological formation, shot off thither by volcanic eruptions from distant parts. As an inevitable result thereof, political activity, or anything deserving the name, was excluded. The membership, located mainly in New York, limited itself to "agitation"—after a style; but they knew not their ground, evoked no response, and, owing to the frequently repulsive mannerisms of their principal spokesmen, were often even laughed at and despised; they grew disheartened; the less intellectually honest, vaider and less informed, like Alexander Jonas, Julius Grunzig, Hermann Schnitzer and others, imputed their failure, not, as in fact, to their own shortcomings, but, to use their own words, to the "hopeless stupidity and corruption of the American people;" and thus, by degrees, the "Party" shrank into social clubs—singing and drinking and card-playing societies, with an occasional outing when a member died, and periodical celebrations in which thrilling speeches were delivered by themselves to themselves.

While this development was going on, there were others setting in also. Years ago the earnings of labor were higher; a thrifty mechanic, who did not object to pinching himself some, could lay by money in bank. With the development of the capitalist system, earnings declined, savings became harder to make and jobs rarer to get. Driven out of the shop by improved machinery and concentrating capital, the workmen with savings in bank fell back upon that, and started small stores; in short, rebounded into the middle class. One of the results of that rebounding was the middle class—stunned the unscientific mind; the German Socialist, Edward Bernstein, concluded Marx was wrong, and the vulgar economists everywhere started new songs on the beauties of capitalism. Another result—the one we are here to discuss—was the change of the angle of vision of the former workman who had become bourgeois. Speaking only a few years ago of the intellectual decline of the German Social Democracy, August Bebel referred to the numerous workmen in Germany, who, being victimized by reason of their political inactivity, had had to be provided with small stores by the German Party, and with their change of class interests, had slid off from their pristine clear-cut radicalism. The economic development of capitalism here, above referred to, that caused workmen with deposits to become small traders, wrought a like change in them. The change told strongly among certain German workmen.

There is a third development that needs mention. It is akin to the one last considered. The worker who had some savings, being a depositor to the bank, and had fallen back upon his savings, and become bourgeois; the worker who had none, stood on the ragged edge of the abyss of Labor-Fakirism. Into that abyss fell not a few. Their unions became reactionary "pure and simple;" all sense of solidarity and sacrifice was lost; the workers were no longer united in the working class; and finally it ripened into an engine of capitalism, sold to the politicians by the leading fakirs.

Now, then, all these interests—the German Labor Fakir, the German bourgeois ex-workmen and the singing, etc., society tired-out Socialist—clustered in this city around and centered in a German paper that, sailing under the name of Socialism, was from its inception a bona fide paper of a practical business enterprise for its own owners. That paper was the New York Volkszeitung.

The fishiness of the Volkszeitung was too rank to be concealed. Accordingly, about fourteen years ago, the "Party" element that was sound in mind and heart, found it advisable to establish a bona fide Party organ in the German language—Der Sozialist, subsequently named Vorwaerts, a weekly paper—and later managed to acquire another weekly, in the English language, named the Workers' Advocate. The editors of these two papers, Rosenberg and Bushe, respectively, were like the rest of the "Party" national officers—weak, insignificant men, wholly unfit for their responsible posts. Nevertheless, with all their unfitness, Rosenberg and Bushe, saw a glimmer of light. A political party that is not in politics struck even then as absurd. Accordingly, ten years ago, they began to pull for political action. This was to immediately run foul of the Volkszeitung. The political field acts as a purifier: it makes havoc of false pretenses. The Volks-

zeitung was the "organ of the S. L. P." in this city. More or less labored articles on Socialism did it no harm, and an occasional good word for the then misnomer of a Socialist Labor Party was profitable; without these monkeyshines the paper could not, as it was doing, drain the Party of funds—funds drained under the pretense of "upholding the Party press." That was all right. But actual politics, the putting up of an S. L. P. ticket and thus "hosting customers and advertisers," (AMONG THE LATTER OF THEM POLITICAL CANDIDATES OF THE CAPITALIST PARTIES APPEARED NOT infrequently—that was a horse of a different color, that would never do!

The Volkszeitung forthwith began to nag at the then editors of the Party organs, Rosenberg and Bushe; being the light weights they were, allowed them to be angered, and finally driven into a preposterous, wholly untenable and mischievous position. Having got them there, and thus isolated from the rest of the "Party" members, whom the deep villainy of the Volkszeitung intrigue escaped, the Volkszeitung crowd, in a "self-righteous" indignation, "Something had to be done quick;" "The Party had to be saved;" and more of such cant, until the "Party" membership, having been seasoned by such a campaign of perfidy, the Volkszeitung crowd found it safe to carry out their scheme. One might think that the "Party" would, together with its disreputable appendages, be under to disguise its real purpose behind a false issue, left it uncovered against the real danger that it had sought to escape—POLITICAL ACTION BY THE S. L. P.

At the same time that the affairs of "SD" were going on in the "Party," a Socialist movement, to the manner born, was being throbbled into existence by the throbs of the nation itself. That movement went into the existing S. L. P., and transformed it. The very next year it unfurled its banner in the political field and held it. The Volkszeitung element became a defunct, was valiantly sought to accommodate themselves to the inevitable, but could not; bankruptcy began to stare the Volkszeitung in the face; every year that passed made their element's position more unbecomingly in front, the accelerated development of capital rendered the Labor Fakir and his kind, small trader more and more desperate, while the magnificent progress of the Party, with its increasing revolutionary ardor, was burning them in the rear. For some time the foul interests of ten years ago had been plotting to ease their straits; their misadventure, in nagging the Party's officers into blundering, suffered shipwreck one after the other, and were turned upon them; then, all else proving unavailable, they staked their all upon a headlong coup that should strangle the Party—and failed ignominiously. Self-polluted before, the "Party" was the whole country as raw-boned victors of the Party constitution; beaten back in the battle of the 10th instant, from the Party's premises that they now again sought to capture by surprise and violence—all as narrated in last week's "SD"—and, consequently, outgeneraled in their attempts to starve the Party and bar it from the Post Office, they are today, July, '99, a physically and morally shattered crew.

The year '99 is ten years later than '89. The S. L. P. is no longer a social club located mainly in New York, which in the last ten years its inspired apostles, and its press have, with words of fire, cast abroad the rejuvenating spark, kindled the flame of class-consciousness in America, and planted the standard of the Socialist Revolution in the land. The S. L. P. has become a Party, with a membership that leaped the boundaries of the city and state; it spread out North, South and West, and now extends from Ocean to Ocean, honored, respected, feared, over 80,000 strong.

In 1899, the S. L. P. is no longer the creature that can be lagged by the cannals of capitalist society.

Reps Campaigning.

(Continued from page 1.)

"Red Pen," whose victim, Mike Devine, cried to be killed ere he passed away for their minds never to wonder from the source which tolerated the erection of such a death trap.

All these, and a number of other incidents of like character, could be premised tending to confirm the stand of the Socialists that all legislation of today is for, and used by, the ruling class, and will so remain until, awakened from their indolence, the workers as a unit march on to the polls as a class-conscious body; and not one moment sooner.

With the DAILY PEOPLE, which has for its emblem the uplifted Arm and Hammer of the Socialist Labor Party, hewing its way, and molding opinion in the minds of the working class, we are in the possession of a splendid instrument to build up an excellent Socialist movement in the no distant future.

Brooklyn. CLAUDIUS.

Our Mission: The "Daily People."

(Written for THE DAILY PEOPLE by Wm. Doran, Jersey City.)

Awake! to work in earnest.
Men and women, strong and true;
Show to our fellow wage slaves,
What Socialists can do.

Up with THE DAILY PEOPLE,
With its lessons of the hour,
To sickening grinning sophists
By its mission, grandeur, power;

To crush the base domination,
Subtle, treacherous and wroth;
False teaching by exploiters,
In book, journal, speech and song.

To shame the double faced,
Smash each counterfeiter and take,
Hold up to scorn, derision,
Their attempts our force to break;

To humble haughty scoundrels,
Kiss judgments bring to pass,
On brutal braves, seeking
With blood of our outraged class.

Work for THE DAILY PEOPLE,
All the world looks on to-day,
March, S. L. P. to conquest,
Forward! S. L. P.



Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan.

BROTHER JONATHAN. — There are two things I do not understand, nay, three, that pass my comprehension.

UNCLE SAM.—Which is the first?
B. J.—The attitude of the press in the strikers in St. Louis and on the recent white rioters in the South, who they burnt down the cabins of negroes and shot them down in cold blood. The St. Louis street railway men, who strike for living wages and refuse to be degraded to the level of the brute, are called "rioters," "murderers," "Genies," the Southern rioters who refused to violence to obey the law, were patting the back. The two events have been reported in the papers; and yet they were commented upon in such different and wonderful style, that I must ask in the world turned upside down and inside out?

U. S.—Nay, nay.

B. J.—How then do you explain that?

U. S.—Easily enough. "Punch" celebrated special constable, who says in the Chartist: "If I kill you, mind it nothing; but if you kill me, by George, it's murder," held the international language of capital, to wit, Right is Wrong when committed by the wealth-creators, but Wrong is Right when committed by the wealth-spongers. And so it will continue to be until the wealth-producers kick the wealth-spongers out of the country the way you and I, Brother Jonathan, kicked King George III and his whole crew out of the land. Is this clear?

B. J.—Yes.

U. S.—Which is the second?

B. J.—The term "Honest Labor." I thought I knew what that meant; but I find it used by the damndest lot of rascals—capitalists and professional workers—in a way that passeth my understanding.

U. S.—Neither is that difficult to explain. Do you know that proverb: the devil hides himself behind the cross and fishes are caught with bait? By styling the labor fakir "Honest Labor," their cloven hoof may be concealed; by styling "Honest Labor" the gullies which these fellows catch, the hook is concealed wherewith other gullies may be likewise caught.

B. J.—And does it work?

U. S.—It doesn't work worth a cent!

Which is the third?

B. J.—I feel puzzled about a term the I frequently hear nowadays.

U. S.—Which?

"Non-partisan politics."

U. S. (after recovering from a roaring fit of laughter). Guess it is a passing term.</

